

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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[Late Hoffman House.]

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

A GOOD BAR.

EXCELLENT STABLE, &c.

44 R. L. GREYNAIN, Prop.

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Keeps a Good Stable.

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ALEXANDER'S HOTEL,

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LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF THE largest Wholesale House and Tobacco Warehouse in Louisville, and having edited the first class entertainment at reasonable rates.

FARE \$2.00 per Day.

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CHAS. B. HATCHER, DAVID BELL, formerly of Louisville, Ky.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Cor. Main and Fourth Streets,

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Refitted and Refurnished.

Fare \$2.50 per Day.

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CARPENTER HOUSE,

Corner Main and Seventh Streets,

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HAVING LEASED THIS CENTRAL Hotel, for a term of years, which is situated on court square, and having refitted the same in good style, I am prepared to entertain all who call on me. The traveling public will find this House a convenient stopping place.

FARE \$2.00 per Day.

1-6m E. M. CARPENTER.

GARVIN HOUSE,

[Late Warner House.]

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

HAVING LEASED THIS POPULAR Hotel, for a term of years, which is situated on court square, and having refitted the same in good style, I am prepared to entertain all who call on me. The traveling public will find this House a convenient stopping place.

FARE \$2.00 per Day.

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East Side Main Street,

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THE BAR WELL SUPPLIED.

A Good Stable, &c.

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15-1y M. J. HARRIS, Proprietor.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

(Continued from number 20.)

"I found and found." The Summit Attained. A story of the discovery of the great gold mine in the West. The discovery of the great gold mine in the West.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY, July 25, 1872.

Correspondence: Interior Journal.

We promised in our last to continue our letter, and endeavor to give you a further description of our lofty "lookout."

The first object that attracted our attention, when we had attained the summit, was a large signal flag near the center; hither we went. Captain Allen and two other gentlemen were quietly reposing beneath its folds, and surrounding them were several packages of Roman candles, rockets, cotton saturated with turpentine, &c., &c.

The lower "Oh! where was it?" Ask of would-be sensationalists "for away."

You see, Messrs. editors, it was announced by the press that Captain Allen "would erect a house 10x12 upon the very summit of the peak," and that said house would be filled with turpentine cotton &c., and on the night of the 4th, set on fire. (People are yet laboring under the delusion that such was the case.)

The idea in itself, was perfectly absurd. How it could have originated is a mystery to us. Few men in their senses would undertake to log lumber three or four miles up the side of a precipitous mountain.

When we first started up it was our intention to carry our blankets to the top, but we soon got bravely over such absurdity. We got them as far as timber line and there we met a fellow, who asked us "what in the mischief we meant by such conduct as those." We told him that it was our intention to sleep on the top that night, and we wanted to keep warm. "Sleep on top? Why, you can't find a place level enough for a decent dog to lie on, but if you can stand on your heads and sleep—all right gentlemen go ahead."

We were mad enough to "put a head on top," but we will remember him in our prayers hereafter for such kind information.

THE SUMMIT ATTAINED.

After inspecting the formidable fire works, we commenced a general survey of the surroundings. There are some twenty acres or more, on top, (some say forty and some as high as sixty, but we think the rarity of the air had something to do with their conclusions) of one strange mass of red granite rocks thrown wildly, grandly and desolately together. From the plains, the lofty peak presents a dome-like summit, of only a few hundred feet in circumference, with a spur running off to the north. The view from the top is superbly grand, overwhelming, majestic! We doubt if there is such a wonderful panorama of soul-inspiring beauty to be seen from the top of any mountain in the new world, save from Mount Lincoln. To the east, white clouds were floating some two miles below us, apparently touching and mingling with the prairie, and forming a vast ocean of floating islands that rose and sank with the waves. To the south, the picturesque foot-hills covered with pine and cedar, a fairy lake cast up from its bosom from a silvery sheet of ever-shifting beauty. North, the chain of giant mountains, rugged and mangled with here and there a slender spire, like that of some huge old church, rising far above, moved on and on till closed from view by the misty gray summit of Long's Peak. West, the Snowy Range—away "where the very sunbeams freeze as they fall"—rose from the "blackness of darkness" like troubled ghosts, while Mount Lincoln towered above against the deep blue sky. Our view was but momentary for black clouds had been gathering on all sides of us, and soon we were to witness what Bierstadt had painted so wonderfully true to nature, "A storm in the Rocky Mountains."

ATMOSPHERE OF DESOLATION.

We wished to see the famous canon—the "abyss of desolation"—that cuts its way up the north side (some 4,000 feet deep) before the storm set in, and we hastened to its side. Clouds were already moving up it, some two thousand feet high. We never looked into a more frightful, desolate, gloomy place. It fairly made us shudder. It had grown very dark all around us, and it was probably the cause of its looking so cruelly dreary. Poe would have been sympathized with the most hopeless of his lost spirits, and Goethe would have seen his ideal, real when the lightning commenced playing.

"The glow of eden alternating with shuddering mid-night glow profound."

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

We felt oppressed; we were in no mood for staying longer, and so moved away just as the driving snow came furiously from the north-west. We buttoned our overcoats closely around us and sat down shivering, with all the romantic completely demolished. We tried to be philosophical and say,

"Beautiful snow, it can do no harm."

But every time we made the attempt, our teeth went to chattering and we felt, we felt to repeat "Beautiful Snow" when we felt louseness, and thought it too

GOLDEN HOURS.

(Continued from number 20.)

Weariness of earth and all its buried joys, I wandered through the moon-lit space of a grove, and amid its solitude and spirit learned to bear each heavy cross with cheerful heart.

I heard the murmuring of a fountain far away, and long, low whispering of the winds chanted over all sorrows that have no other mourners. Then to the listening moon I said: The night is sweeter than the day, and this is perfect night! Let as I spoke a bright winged being took my hand and said: Cess whispering to the moon and follow me, for I can reveal to you the treasures of a realm whose wealth is power. All other beauty disdaining, transfixed with happiness I dared not stir. My heart beat faster, and faint with delicious sensations. I seemed as one unconscious.

Who was this beautiful being, I asked of the flowers which scattered their perfume on the air of the evening, and of those which would open in the morning, but neither replied to my demand? And seeing that I hesitated, she said with some impatience, why will you not come? I am no inferior being, and with gentle force she led me on. When we reached the end of the grove the moon had kissed the horizon and the gentle stars were extinguished in the heavens, still with unwearied footsteps my guide kept on her way, and as we went she told me of her mission.

"My name," said she, "is Memory. I am the guardian of an imperial realm, and my home is the home of thought."

At length we reached her domain, and hiding me enter, she proceeded to reveal the mysteries of her power.

"That," she said, pointing to a magnificent structure, "is the Temple of Knowledge, and what you see has been the work of many years. Each gem that sparkles there is a treasure of high value. The floor is mosaic, most quaintly inlaid with pearls that, but for me, would have been lost forever, though so costly, bright and beautiful. Lovely flowers which were gathered long ago are strewn here, but their fragrance and beauty can never depart, and for those who do not abuse my power, my mission is to gather up those bright flowers, and weave them into beautiful garlands, so when hearts are lonely or oppressed I again present them in their loveliest form. Tis thus I soothe my friends, and from their lips I hear, 'Oh! Memory, kind friend of my happy days, you gave me in other years your gentle sympathy grant still your friendship, for my weary feet and pining heart would rest awhile, and I would muse upon the dear old joys which lent me glow to years that cannot come again and scenes I never more shall see. O, Memory, Memory, dearer to the heart than gems of untold value art thou, though I scarce may read thy mystic scroll, it shines upon my spirit with a pure, deep and mystic power, charms away care, sin and woe, and makes me strong to bear the strife of mortal being.'"

"But, woe! woe! to those who abuse my power, and intrust to my keeping only the thorns that they have gathered from the roses which had strewn their pathway. From their lips I hear, 'Oh, cruel Memory, why will you present to the harassed mind only those scenes which fill it with sadness?' 'Oh, for one short hour, a respite however brief! Still the agony of my fevered brain!'"

"But forgetfulness is a boon not given them. We hear the echo of their grief until it is hushed in the silent grave."

"Mortal," she said, "would you be happy? Then I leave you with those words of warning: Look not mournfully into the past. Remember only the Golden Hours, for they alone are suitable to adorn the chambers of memory. Grief may crush the beautiful buds but it cannot wither the roots of joy. Flowers may yet bloom that, like the crimson cloud which softly rest on icy hills, shall cheer you with their rosy hue."

For Tea Drinkers.

Some of the English medical men are making a vigorous warfare against the practice of tea drinking. Several manifestations in opposition to the use of the beverage have appeared in different quarters. One of the latest of these is an article in the London Lancet, which says that tea enfeeblens the heart's action, ruins the digestion, shatters the nervous system, and introduces too much water into the system. It will be a difficult matter to convince the British public that tea drinking is a pernicious habit, as the mass of the people entertain a contrary opinion, and the use of the fragrant herb is almost universal among them and constantly increasing. In 1801 the population of the United Kingdom was 13,828,000, and the consumption of tea was 23,730,000 pounds. In 1871, with a population of 31,513,000, there were 122,402,000 pounds of tea used, costing an average of one shilling and a half penny per pound. In the first named year the quantity consumed was equal to one pound eight ounces to each person; in the last, three pounds and 15 ounces.

A Buffalo woman has made \$2,500 this season from her two-acre strawberry patch.

Answers to Correspondents.

DEBATE—Desires to know who was the first one to undertake an expedition to the North Pole over Arctic Sea? Our first information is that Sir John Franklin was, although we have heard of several small expeditions prior to his, but which are of no particular consequence. You ask if Sir John Franklin's remains were ever found. Dr. Kane's men found some remains which we doubt not were those of Franklin and his men. Kane went in search of him, at the instance, we believe, of Mr. Grinnell, of New York. Sir John's wife, an English lady of wealth, has expended thousands of dollars in having her husband searched for. She is a monomaniac on the subject—caused, doubtless, by the great womanly love she bore her daring husband. All such "scientific" expeditions are, to our thinking, the result of a chronic desire to discover something which no one else ever saw. The discovery of America by Columbus, fostered this spirit of enterprise (I but then we ask ourselves—why do men, in this advanced age, try to discover wonders which seem to be impossible? In the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, ships were mere sailing boats.

"STUDENT OF MEDICINE"—Asks who Hippocrates was. From history we note that he was a celebrated physician of Greece. His grandfather, Nebros, was also an eminent medical man. Hippocrates once delivered Athens from a dreadful pestilence, by his skill as a physician. He did not, as the charlatan of to-day does, keep his remedies a secret, but openly declared them to all. He tried many experiments on the human frame, greatly adding to his store of information. He died in his 90th year, about 361 years before Christ, sound in mind and body, so far as human disorders are concerned.

ARMOR—Asks when is the best time to trim trees? We answer, that any time after active vegetation begins; from April to July 25th. During these weeks the exudation of sap will heal the wounds made, and the tree will never rot. A tree should never be pruned when the leaves are off. Mark this, and act accordingly.

CURIOSITY—Wants to know two things, namely: Why Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, has spent so many years of toil and danger, and so much money, in order to ascertain the "Source of the Nile. Now we should like to know why ourselves. Science says, "for my benefit"—common sense says, "it would benefit you but little."

2nd. Why did Dr. Kane and his predecessors and followers, and this country and Great Britain, expend so much money, time and toil, and why did those daring men do so much in sailing over Arctic ice-bound seas, to find a passage to the North Pole?

We have a similar curiosity and should like to have some one open our unscientific eyes on the subject. Science lays down the same claim in this case as in the other, and common sense makes the same response. If that passage could be found, who in the thunder would undertake, or even desire to undertake, a passage through fields of icebergs in a climate where night is half the year, and where the weather is so cold that mercury and alcohol freeze. Science indeed! Better come nearer home and spend your time, talent and money in something tangible and useful to science, man, and the age in which we live.

Blanket-Sheets.

What will we do with the Blanket-Sheets? has been a puzzling question for years. A year's file of an ordinary four cent daily is a serious obstruction in a moderately-sized house without a barn attached. The conundrum is answered: A lady and gentleman were recently robbed in Judaea by Arabs, who stripped them of all their clothing. They begged their captors to return them a copy of the London Times. The Arabs yielded to the request, and the pair, the gentleman attired in the regular issue, and the lady in the supplement, returned to Jerusalem. In the warm weather of the early summer the costume must have been at once light, airy, and pleasantly suggestive of home associations. Might not the blanket-sheets which subscribers throw away after glancing at the first page, be sent as clothing to the naked Foggians and Hottentots? Let the good work at once be begun. Here is a new mission for the blanket-sheet press.—Shadocan.

A German poet has written a touching poem, in which the hero is represented as devoured by an alligator, under a palm tree on the shore of Lake Erie, in America. The heroine hears of the terrible fate of her lover down in the everglades of Florida, near the banks of Lake Superior, where she is living, and rushed down South to Lake Erie and lies in wait for that crocodile, capturing him, cuts his open, extracts the bones of her lover, purchases a rich coffin, and has him interred in magnificent style in Greenwood Cemetery, in New York in the State of St. Lewis. The poem is truly affecting.

ITEMS FOR LADIES.

Blade-grass hats are the latest loves for rural wear.

Nuts, oats and oak-apples are worn on plain straw hats.

The latest styles of ladies' shoes are made to button on both sides of the foot.

Maiden ladies regard the multitude of weddings now-a-days as simply outrageous.

A novelty for polonaises is white nets in large square or diamond-shaped designs.

At Niagara the "hillingand cooing" of bridal parties is heard above the roar of the falls.

Man and woman differ. You may perhaps convince a man, but you must persuade a woman.

Vesuvian lava is in such demand for jewelry that another eruption is desired to supply the market.

Pink and lemon color are both fashionable, but should not be associated with black or chocolate brown.

"The lady of Lorne," the "Reine Margot," and the "Martha Washington," are the poetical titles of bustles.

American girls are horrified to see the fashionable ladies of England wearing light silks and lace shawls on the street.

There are four things that a woman cannot do—tie up a parcel, throw a stone at a hen, carry an umbrella, sharpen a lead pencil.

Owners of pearl jewelry should be careful to keep them from exposure to grassy surfaces, as contact of this kind destroys their lustre.

A very beautiful fabric is damask gauze for evening wear, perfectly transparent, and broadened with rich satin flowers. It is made up into polonaises to wear over some delicately tinted silk.

Many partial ladies who are partial to low-neck dresses and have not a pretty neck, wear a false one of wax or alabaster, and when a heavy necklace is worn it can hardly be detected from the real article.

A Fund on Lac maiden who saw, an outrageous painter for the first time followed the lady for a block or two, thought the obtrusive appendage a good thing to do, went into a shop, and asked for a half a dozen yards of "hump" cloth. The new name puzzled the clerk, but the proprietor thought it appropriate.

A just-colored linen is the best traveling dress for July or August, simply made with plain blouse polonaise, and cape. No braiding, no embroidery, and no loose looping. The present style of making dresses renders them exceedingly difficult to pack, and yet it is very disagreeable to travel without a sufficient number of changes. We should recommend, therefore, that a travelling outfit be made up with as little fussing and ruffling as possible, and that it be composed of materials which do not crush easily—foulard, mohair, or pongee. A handsome black silk, with dent-train and basque, no overskirt, is the most useful dinner-dress at hotels. A traveling hat should be plain, without feathers or flowers, as both or spoiled by dust or showers.

About Sponges.

The work of procuring sponges, as pursued at Tunis, requires great skill on the part of the sponge fishers, who are principally Greeks, Sicilians and Arabs. Of these the Greeks are the most expert in their vocation. The sponge fishery is most actively carried on during the months of December, January and February, as at other seasons the places where the sponges exist are overgrown with sea weeds. The storms during November and December destroy and sweep away the thick marine vegetation and leave the sponges exposed to view. They are obtained by spearing, diving with or without the assistance of an apparatus, and by dredging with a machine similar to an oyster dredge. It is in spearing the sponges that the greatest dexterity is shown. The spears used by the Greeks are shorter than those employed by the natives, but they manage them with such adroitness as sometimes to reach sponges covered by sixty feet of water. The British Vice-Consul at Tunis reports that these Greeks hold their hands three or four spears, and dart them with such precision, one after the other, that before the first has time to disappear under the surface the second strikes its upper extremity, and thus gives it additional impetus to reach the sponge aimed at. Wherever a sponge is removed a new one is produced within a year to take its place. The finest sponges are found in the Mediterranean, the chief market being Smyrna. Coarse sponges are procured in great numbers in the waters of the Bahamas, and form an important article of export from those islands. A very good article of sponge is found on the coast of Florida, where the supply is so great, if the fisheries were actively prosecuted, it would suffice for the consumption of the United States.

The value of the gold present in existence in the world is estimated at upwards of \$5,000,000,000.

ITEMS WORTH READING.

One-half of the slate pencils used in the world are made in Vermont.

A recent law in Pennsylvania allows women to buy sewing machines without their husbands' consent.

Scott county claims that nine races were won at Long Branch by horses which originated in that county.

A California sheep raiser owning 90,000 sheep, from which he realizes an income of \$100,000 yearly, he commenced twenty years ago with a flock of 800.

Eighty thousand dollars was the fortune left to his daughter by the late headman of Paris. He was regarded as an artist in deception.

An Illinois man has ploughed all alone 110 acres of ground, has planted it in corn, and will see it cultivated and harvested without any assistance.

Since the street sales of newspapers have been permitted in Paris, the aggregate circulation of daily papers in that city have increased 100,000.

The difference between a country and a city greenhorn, is that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

Colonel King, of Texas, has a little farm of 84,132 acres, stocked with 65,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, 7,000 sheep, and 8,000 goats.

The cash value of farms in New York has doubled during the last ten years, while the value of the implements has increased from twenty-five to thirty-five millions of dollars.

E. R. Feavel, the oldest professional bill-poster in Wisconsin, and for many years a resident of Milwaukee, has fallen heir to the town of Patten, in England, worth \$5,000,000.

Two sisters have eloped from Berlin, Prussia, with a young man whom they are both in love with, and whom they both intend to marry when they reach Salt Lake, which is their destination.

That extraordinary Gilmore offered Titians one thousand dollars a song if she would sing and help on the Jubilee with the Jubilee.

Some of the best wool known to commerce is brought from New South Wales, where the English statistics show there are over sixteen millions of sheep, and the number increasing.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction in Harvey county, Kansas, is Mrs. Ellen Webster. She is the first woman every elected to a county office in Kansas.

A Utica girl at the proper hour pulls a string which reveals a picture, on the back of which appears in large characters the words, "Ten o'clock is my bedtime," and her admirers take the gentle hint and depart.

Those thirteen old maids who went to Wyoming from Vermont a few weeks ago, thinking themselves sure of husbands, are going to sue the Territory for breach of promise, as they are still unmarried.

It appears from the Census "Tables of Occupation" just published, that there are in the United States, 43,874 clergymen, 40,736 lawyers, and 62,383 physicians and surgeons; teachers of all kinds, 136,750; journalists, 2,286; musicians, 6,519; officers of the army and navy of the United States, 2,286, civil officers of the Government, National, State or Municipal, and reporting no other occupation, 44,743.

A Louisianian has invented a method of extracting bee honey from the comb by means of a centrifugal process, which accomplishes its work without breaking the comb further than uncapping the cells. The comb is then replaced in sliding compartments fitted to the hive, and the bees at once commence to refill the cells, thus saving the labor of constructing twenty pounds of comb, bee bread and wax in order to save one pound of honey.

A miniature Dead Sea has been discovered in Nevada. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain, the banks shelving down with as much symmetry as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda and salt, to a degree that renders it almost rosy with slime, and so dense that a person can float upon it without effort. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but being of great depth is probably fed by springs far down in the earth.

The "Tables of Occupation," at the Census Office, show that the number of persons pursuing painful occupations on the first of June, 1870, was 12,505,023; of these 548,088 were males and 191,143 females from ten to fifteen years of age; 9,486,307 were males and 1,594,969 females from sixteen to fifty-nine years of age; 635,041 males and 50,385 females sixty years of age. Of the total, 9,802,038 were born in the United States. Of the total number, 5,922,471 were engaged in agriculture, 2,707,421 in manufactures, mechanical and mining pursuits; 1,921,238 in trade and transportation, and 2,684,793 were rendering personal and professional services.

A Funny Chapter About Babies.

Of all the created creatures, said Miss Priscilla Prynn, emphatically, I deem despicable a baby! I used to reckon a snake about the most hateful; but a body knows in general where to look for snakes, and how to keep clear of 'em, whereas there is no getting out of the way of a baby. Go where you will, in town or country, on land or sea, you find the pestiferous little critters; and as for street cars and steam boats, a body think they were made for their accommodation. If I was a railroad president, or a steamboat company, I'd have "babies," as well as "ladies," cars; and the wonder to me is that it hasn't been done before this; 'twould pay sure.

The first thing a baby does is to 'holer and it hollers till it's old enough to use its hands and feet as well as its voice, and then the mischief it does do is beyond calculation. Why, I've had my ink bottle upset on my new ink carpet, and my best chiny tea set, with the yellow roses on 'em, knocked off the table—leastways a plate and two cups; and my "Book of Beautiful Extracts" (that was given me by Portfield Grubbs before he took to keep company with the bold mixx Arathary Wilson) torn to atoms 'most. And all of 'em, for 'em; or leastwise by a variety of 'em, for they're alike as a basket of peas.